

THE SWEETWATER ENTERPRISE.

VOL. III.

SWEETWATER, TENN., THURSDAY, MARCH 24, 1870.

NO. 19.

THE ENTERPRISE.

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ford, Conn. feb24-67.

Afraid of the Itch.

Pete Whetstone, of Arkansas, was once
travelling on horseback through the inter-
ior of the State, and called one evening
to stay all night at a little log house near
the road where entertainments and post-
office were kept. Two other strangers
were there, and the mail rider rode up
about dark. Supper being over, the mail
carrier and the three gentlemen were in-
vited in a small room furnished with a
good fire and two beds, which were to ac-
commodate the four persons for the night.
The mail carrier was a little, dirty look-
ing wretch, with whom none of the gentle-
men liked the idea of sleeping. Pete
Whetstone eyed him closely, as he asked:
"Where are you going to sleep to night,
my lad?"

"I'll tleep with you, I reckon," hisped
the youth, "or one of them fellows, I don't
care which."

The other two gentlemen took the hint
and occupied one of the beds together im-
mediately, leaving the other bed and con-
fession to be enjoyed by Pete and the mail
boy together as best they could. Pete
and the boy commenced hauling off their
duds and Pete getting into bed first and
wishing to get rid of sleeping with the
boy, remarked very earnestly:

"My friend, I'll tell you beforehand,
I've got the itch, and you'd better not get
in here with me for the disease is catching."

The boy who was just getting into bed,
too, drawled out very coolly:

"Wol, I reckon that don't make a bit
of difference—I've had it now nearly this
seven years," and into bed he pitched
along with Pete, who pitched out in as
great hurry as if he had waked up a horn-
et's nest in the bed.

The other gentlemen roared, and the
mail boy who had got peaceable posses-
sion of the bed to himself, drawled out:

"Why, you muth be a set o' darned
fools; man and dad's got the itch a worth
than I is, and they tleep in that bed lath
night when they wath here a quillin'."

The other two strangers were now in a
worse predicament than Pete had been
and bouncing from their nest as if the
house had been put fire, stripped, shook
their clothing, but then on again ordered
their horses, and though it was nearly ten
o'clock, they all three left and rode sev-
eral miles to the next town before they slept,
leaving the imperturbable mail carrier to
the bliss of scratching and sleeping alone.

"A L-e-e-t-l-e Too Smart."

Old Rumfeldt was a well to do farmer
of Stewart County, Tenn. He was regu-
lar in attendance at court at Dover, but
seldom turned his face homeward until he
had swallowed more whisky than his skin
could well hold, or his legs could conve-
niently carry. On one occasion he got on
his level early, and about the middle of
a hot July evening started for home. He
had not gone far, however, when he was
seized with an uncontrollable desire to
take a nap. He dismounted from his horse,
turned him loose to graze, and rolled him-
self into a fence corner. He was sleeping
very sweetly, when he was espied by a
buzard, which was sailing about in the
vicinity, hunting for something to eat.
Smaller and smaller grew the circles of
the buzard as he approached his victim,
curiously taking observations. At last,
but still in some doubt, the bird lit on the
ground near its expected feast. About
this time Rumfeldt became aware that
something was going on, and he partly
opened one eye and saw the buzard, but
was still too drunk to take any active steps
to drive it away. He, however, kept a
close watch. The buzard strutted around
and around him, all the time inspecting
Rumfeldt closely and cautiously, to ascer-
tain positively that he was dead. He
finally became satisfied that the corpse be-
fore him was indeed a carcass, and conse-
quently "his meat," whereupon he ad-
vanced deliberately to Rumfeldt's head,
and gave him a peck in the face. This
aroused Rumfeldt, and striking out lazily
with his hand to prevent a repetition of the
attack, he exclaimed: "Looker here, you're
a l-e-e-t-l-e too d—d smart—I ain't
dead yet."

Getting Old.

The present generation of men are get-
ting old. The dark hair is getting gray,
and the smooth brow is becoming wrinkled.
Beauty is fading. The rose is dis-
appearing from the cheek, the vermilion
from the lip, and even the skin is assuming
the sallow, bilious hue which indicates the
approach of age. There may not be any
marked change in the vital energies of
some, but they are, nevertheless, wasting.
The progress from the cradle to the grave
is still kept up. A few years more and
there will be many vacant places at the
table and family altar, and familiar faces
will be missed from the daily walks of life.
In the days of our prosperity and in the
pride of our strength and manhood, we
should not cease to remember that the
present generation of men is rapidly pass-
ing away.

A very wicked young man at a revival
became anxious and went to the mourners
bench, the minister laying his hand on the
head of the young man and said wail my
brother do you feel any change. Where-
upon the young man ran his hand in his
pocket and said not a d—m bit.

Fun and Other Things.

Why are ladies juster than men?—Be-
cause they are the fairer sex.

A Southern beauty is said to possess
hair like "a vexed mass of golden feath-
ers."

"It is very curious," said a young lady,
"that a tortoise, from whom we get all our
combs, has no hair."

A rascally old bachelor asks, "What
is the most difficult operation a surgeon
can perform?" To take the jaws out of a
woman.

Sam Soderger once observed to a lady,
"How desirable it is, in danger, to have
presence of mind." "Yes," she quickly
replied, "but I would rather have absence
of body."

"I wish 'twas the fashion to go to bed
every hour in the twenty-four," said an
indolent person. "I like that first-rate;
but the fashion of getting up is the mean-
est ever invented."

A physician, in speaking of the frail
constitution of the women of the present
day, remarked that we ought to take great
care of our grandmothers, for we should
never get any more.

Everybody knows what "acrostic" means;
but namby-pamby poets do not
know what a cross-stick an editor can do
when he has to read bushels of such non-
sense.

A Nevada city merchant advertises:
"Old rags of a greenish hue, embellished
with Chase's photographs, cheerfully ac-
cepted in payment for stock."

Always turn your toes outward, and
your thoughts inward; the first will keep
from falling into the gutter, and the last
from falling into iniquity.

A young lady went to a photograph ar-
tist recently and wished him to take her
picture with an expression as if composing
a poem.

A man tired of marrying six wives, on
being asked how he could be such a hard-
ened villain, as to delude so many, replied
with great nonchalance, "Why please
your worship, I was trying to get a good
one."

"Waiter I'll take my hat," said a gen-
tleman at a ball one evening, as he was
about going home. "What kind of a hat
is it, sir?" "A bran new one that I
bought this morning." "Well, sir," said
the waiter, "all the good hats have been
gone for more than two hours."

Mark Twain thinks that soda-water is
not reliable for a steady drink. It is too
gassy. The next morning, after drinking
thirty-eight bottles, he found himself full
of gas and as tight as a balloon. He
hadn't an article of clothing he could wear,
except an umbrella.

A man brought before a justice of the
peace, charged with some petty crime,
pleaded in extenuation a natural infirmi-
ty. "I would have made considerable of
a figure in the world, judge," said he, "if
I hadn't been a fool; it's a dreadful draw-
back on a man."

In this will be found the words of Lov-
er's popular songs, and these without
doubt will be the most acceptable part of
the collection. The author, in his preface,
says: "I fear there are many among
them unable to bear the test of a strict
criticism."

A story is told of a soldier in the army
whose only fault was that of drunkenness.
His Colonel remonstrated with him.

"Tom, you are a bold fellow and a good
soldier, but you get drunk."

"Colonel," replied Tom, "how can you
expect all the virtues of a human charac-
ter combined, for sixteen dollars a month?"

Goethe was in company with a mother
and daughter, when the latter, being re-
proved for something, blushed and burst
into tears. He said to the mother—"How
beautiful your reproach has made your
daughter. That crimson hue and those
silvery tears become her much better than
any ornament of gold or pearls; those may
be hung on the neck of any woman; those
are ever connected with moral purity. A
full-blown flower sprinkled with purest
dew is not so beautiful as this child blush-
ing beneath her parent's displeasure, and
shedding tears of sorrow for her fault. A
blush is a sign which nature hangs out to
show where chastity and honor dwell."

A gentleman in Alabama, in exerting
himself one day felt a sudden pain, and
fearing his internal machinery had been
thrown out of gear, sent for a negro on
his plantation, who made some pretensions
to medical skill, to prescribe for him. The
negro, having investigated the cause, pre-
pared and administered a dose to his pa-
tient, with the utmost confidence of a
speedy cure. No relief being experi-
enced, however, the gentleman sent for a
physician who on arriving inquired of the
negro what medicine he had given his
master. Bob promptly responded:

"Resin and alum, sir?"

"What did you give them for?" contin-
ued the doctor.

"Why," replied Bob, "do alum to draw
the parts together, and do resin to soder
um."

The patient eventually recovered.

A Dog Sacrifices Himself to Save his Drunken Master.

From the Milwaukee Wisconsin.]

A gentleman living in Wauwatosa re-
lates to us the following incident, for the
truth of which he vouches: One day last
week a man went to a saloon, as was his
daily custom, to drink, and meeting boon
companions, remaining with them till late at
night, when he started to go home. Over-
come by the liquor he had drunk, the man
laid down on the railroad track and went
to sleep. A faithful dog, who had followed
the man, stood and watched over him,
until the whistle of a locomotive in the
distance showed that a freight train was
approaching. The dog, fully aware of the
danger imminent to his master, tried to
arouse the drunken man, and tore his
clothes badly in the attempt. Unable to
awake the sleeper, the dog took the man
by the shoulder and fairly dragged him
from the track just as the train came on.

The man was saved, but the poor dog who
had so faithfully protected the master he
loved, was struck by the cowcatcher and
crushed to pieces. When the man recov-
ered his senses it was found that his flesh
was bitten in several places by the dog,
in the strong effort made by the animal
to save his life. The man the next day
gathered up the pieces of the faithful animal
and buried them. He was so fully im-
pressed by the remarkably narrow escape
from death that he has resolved not to
get drunk again.

Sensible Admonitions.

Don't buy a piano for your daughter
while your sons need a plow.

Decent, substantial clothing for your
children make them think better of them-
selves, and keeps the doctor away.

Don't become security for him who
waits for the sheriff.

Buy a farm wagon before a fine carriage.
If you have a yoke of oxen don't be
ashamed of them and give your note for a
span of horses.

Don't leave to memory what should be
written; it makes law suits.

Cultivate the habit of giving but never
give up.

When the labors of the day are past
take good books and newspapers and the
youngsters to the setting room.

Don't ask an editor to trust you for
your newspaper but pay in advance, it
saves much growling.

Don't think you have a right to the ben-
efit of educational and religious institu-
tions without yourself contributing in word
and deed to their support; for you would
justly be called a shirk.

Don't ask your minister or your school
teacher to work for less money than you
would be willing to work for if you were
in the place of either; it is a violation
of a great commandment.

The Louisville Courier Journal says:

Judge Shackelford, a Justice of the Su-
preme Court under the Brownlow dispen-
sation, and John Trimble, who represented
the Nashville district in the last Con-
gress, both undoubted and undoubted
Republicans, declare against the threat-
ened overhauling of affairs in Tennessee.
But there are a dozen or more Radicals,
equally prominent, who urge Congressional
interference, and, if the question is to
be influenced by such personal considera-
tions, the State may be regarded as poorly
off. We hope for the best certainly, but
we hope for nothing that does not rise out
of the party which will decide the matter
upon the most solid principles of parti-
san interest. A wise policy would
consider the impracticability of trying to
regulate at Washington the local concerns
of counties and villages in Tennessee. It
would consider also the certainty that
never be a lack of applicants and pretenses.
But the Radicals consider nothing but how
to keep the pot boiling, and are only too
ready to respond to the falsehoods of a lot
of abandoned and profligate dead-beats
who have been or are about to be turned
out of offices they have disgraced.

When the old lady was told that her
servants were not negroes, but copper col-
ored persons, she exclaimed, "It don't
make much difference about the color, al-
most any of them will suck eggs." That
is the case with the Radical officials. The
Montgomery Mail compiles from official
reports, a table showing how the school
funds had been managed in Alabama, and
says: "It appears by this table, the fig-
ures of which are taken from official re-
ports, that in eighteen counties of the
State alone the white children have been
plundered to the amount of \$134,414, and
that this sum, amounting to more than
one-third of the whole educational dis-
bursements, has gone, half of it paying
high salaried officers, and the other half
to pay incompetent teachers of negro
schools, which are for the most part swin-
dles upon the school fund." The case
was decidedly worse in Tennessee. Here
nearly half a million of this "sacred
fund" was swallowed up at one gulp.

Pouring a pint of whiskey down a mule
is better than a circus in Alabama. It is
said they get for all the world like a hu-
man brute, when drunk, and will kick the
hat off a man's head.

T. G. BOYD, has valuable River Bottom, and
upland farms, for sale cheap. Jan13th.

An Interview with General Lee.

David McCrac is furnishing the Glas-
gow (Scotland) Herald with a series of in-
teresting sketches of American men and
woman. He describes his first interview
with General Lee as follows:

"When I got back to the hotel I found
that Lee, who was aware of my coming,
had already (with the courtesy so conspicu-
ous amongst a class of Americans) sent
his servant to inquire if I had arrived, and
to say that he would like to see me at the
college."

"On going there after breakfast I was
taken up stairs and shown into the room
set aside for the use of the college presi-
dent."

"A noble-looking man, dressed in gray
military coat, who had been writing at a
table near the window, rose and I entered.
He was a tall, straight and soldier-like,
with crisp hair turning white; short-trim-
med beard, pointed at the chin, and dark
imperial looking eyes, very keen and search-
ing. It was Robert E. Lee—the old Con-
federate commander."

"As the first words of greeting passed
between us there was a hidden sadness in
his look which impressed me painfully.
He was suffering from ill-health at the
time; but it was not a look of physical
pain. Perhaps it was only my own feel-
ing, but it seemed as if the shadow of the
past was over him—as if you could read
behind the vigilance of his dark eyes the
fate of the South and of the myriad who
lay sleeping on the silent battle-fields."

"When I was seated he began to inquire
where I had been in the South, and about
my journey up—smiling at the somewhat
doleful account I had to give him of my
experience in the stage from Goshen. He
said there was another road I might have
taken—the one from Stanton; "but they
say whichever road you take you wish by
that you had taken the other." He had
been twice by the Goshen road on horse-
back. The scenery was very grand.

"He began to speak about Scotland, and
said: 'You will meet with many of your
countrymen here. The Valley of Vir-
ginia is peopled with Scotch-Irish—people
who have come from Scotland by way of
Ireland. They are a fine race. They have
the courage and determination of the
Scotch; with the Irish dash and intrepidi-
ty. They make fine soldiers.'

"He said it was an old wish of his to
visit this country; but it would never be
realized now. Stonewall Jackson had
been in Scotland before the war. He had
heard him speak of it."

"When some references were made to
the odds against which the South had
fought, and the want there was of accurate
statistics, I told him it was understood he
was preparing a history of the war him-
self."

"I have had that in view," he said;
"but the time has not come for an impar-
tial history. If the truth were told just
now, it would not be credited."

"When the books that have already ap-
peared were spoken of, and I mentioned
one, the proof- sheets of which, it was as-
serted, had been submitted to General
Grant and himself for revision, he said:
'It is a mistake. I have never read a his-
tory of the war, nor the biography of any
man engaged in it. My own life has been
written, but I have not looked into it.'
He paused after a pause. 'I do not wish
to speak in memories of the past.'

"He spoke highly of Sherman's abili-
ties—said Sherman had always been a
good soldier."

"He seemed much gratified when I told
him of the estimation in which he and
Stonewall Jackson had been held from the
first by the British people, irrespective al-
together of Northern or Southern sym-
pathies. He said, after a pause, 'Jackson
lies in the Presbyterian burying-ground
at the other extremity of Lexington.'

Combining Business and Pleasure.

A Florida correspondent of the Rich-
mond Dispatch gives some queer revela-
tions of Northern invalid life (and death)
down there. The following story will suf-
fice to show what a practical "cuss" that
chap was, to be sure!

There was one fellow who died in Pi-
lanka a short time before my visit, of
whom I heard from many sources.

When he found his end was near he sent
North for a metalic coffin, and had it
brought to his bed room; tried it, and found
it would fit him exactly. He was thereupon
very much satisfied; and during the few re-
maining days of his life always spoke of
himself as dead. He requested his wife
to find out whether she could send it on
by express. She dutifully inquired, and
found that they could not carry it. He
then told her to have a box made, and
have it made large; to put it in it; and
as there was plenty of room, to pack in
some sweet potatoes and oranges for the
children; and "be very careful, my dear,
not to let them turn it over, lest the or-
anges should be mashed." So this care-
ful, economical father died, and his wife
carried it home to Vermont; and the
children enjoyed the potatoes and oranges,
and wished their dear father would go and
die in Florida every winter.

John H. Houston, a brother of the late
Gen. Sam Houston, of Texas, died in Wash-
ington recently, at the advanced age of
eighty years.

Expenditure for Manure.

Millions of dollars, says a writer, are
annually expended for manures that ought
to be saved, for with adequate painstaking,
a farm whose stock is rightly proportioned
to the number of acres tilled, will furnish
all the manure necessary to keep the
farm constantly increasing in fertility.
Barns should be so arranged as to shelter
and save all the manure, both liquid and
solid; then, as a load of solid manure
from the stable to the "ordure" room,
there should be thrown over it two or three
times its bulk of refuse straw sods, weeds,
leaves bean and peavines, mulch swamp
muck, tanbark, sawdust and shavings,
pouring over the heap as much liquid
manure as the compost will absorb. "By
the constant repetition of this process,
there will be created an enormous amount
of fermented manure, sufficient to supply
all reasonable demands of the farm."

If eight or ten hogs are fattened, by
means of the same process, the hog-pen is
made to furnish a bountiful supply of ma-
nure for the garden and a large field of
corn. Any farm may thus be made to
manufacture all the manure for the crops
grown upon it, except potatoes, and those
should have plaster instead of manure, as
the latter increases their tendency to rot.
Potatoes should be planted on a dry piece
of land, after buckwheat, and the land
well sown with plaster, or the plaster may
throw a handful of plaster into each hill.
Ashes do very well as a substitute for
plaster; potatoes are not liable to rot
planted with either.

Guano is good and valuable for farm
use; but every farmer should save from
the dropping of the henry enough for
home use, instead of buying the imported
article. Privies should be so constructed
as to readily yield up their accumulation,
either from a tight box, so hung as to be
easily moved, or from a sliding drawer,
when the contents should be conveyed to a
heap or vat of absorbent refuse, which
should also be the receptacle of kitchen
refuse and bedroom deposits. A compost
heap is thus formed sufficient to enrich a
garden to the highest degree of fertility,
and by the use of chlorine of lime, or some
other disinfectant, all offensiveness may
be avoided.

The following deductions, drawn from
years of observation and experience, are
worthy the attention of farmers:

1st. Farming cannot be profitably con-
ducted without careful reference to the
laws of waste and supply.

2d. The nature of the waste must be
understood, and the proper remedies ap-
plied.

3d. All these supplies should be drawn
from the resources of the farm under cul-
ture.—Maryland Farmer.

The Income Tax Law Repealed.

There is a serious misapprehension in the
public mind in relation to the income tax.
Petitions are being sent to Washington for
the repeal of the law. It should be dis-
tinctly understood, says the New York
Herald, that the Income Tax law was re-
pealed by limitation on the 31st day of
December, 1869. The law now being as-
sessed is for the year 1869. After it is
paid no other income tax can be collected
or assessed without the enactment of an
entirely new law, which is not likely to
be brought about. The repeal of the old
law is final and unconditional. It takes ef-
fect as soon as the tax for 1869 is paid.
A bill passed the House under the pre-
vious question g-g rule a few days ago,
providing for the assessment and collection
of an income tax for one year only, (1870),
but it met with disastrous defeat in the
Senate. It is not at all likely that Congress
will put such a needless burden upon the
people again in face of the unanimous
protest of the entire press of the country.
The occasion that called for it has passed
away forever. Let us have no more in-
come tax laws.

Many a child goes astray, not because
there is a want of prayer or virtue at
home, but simply because home lacks sun-
shine. A child needs sunshine as much as
flowers need sunbeams. Children look
little beyond the present moment. If a
thing pleases they are apt to seek it; if it
displeases they are prone to avoid it. If
home is the place where faces are sour,
and words harsh, and fault-finding is over
in the ascendant, they will spend as many
hours as possible elsewhere. Let every
father and mother, then, try to be happy.
Let them look happy. Let them talk to
their children, especially the little ones,
in such a way as to make them happy.

Decidedly the best thing we have seen
for many a day, is the following definition
of the portentous word Ku-Klux, which
is worthy of Dr. Johnson. It is taken
from the minority report of Dr. Javan
Bryant, a Democratic member of the South
Carolina Legislature, who was one of the
committee to investigate the reported out-
rages in the third congressional district
of that State.

"Ku-Kluxes are but the allotropic con-
ditions of the witches of New England,
whose larvae having long lain dormant
until transported South in the carpet-bags
of pious political priests, (Whitemen &c
&c.) germinated in the credulous minds of
their proselytes, and loomed into 'gorgeous
hydras and chimerae dire'!"